

► It's Real

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

On the scene back again with the mothaf**kin' grip
Ninety-three was the year P-Dog came rippin' sh*t
Bouncin' out the belly of the beast
And still the same n***a that was hollerin', "F**k peace!"
But check it out, it's the same old thing
Cause now the year's ninety-four and ain't a damn thing changed
N***as still droppin' dead like flies
And I'm still lookin' for a way to make us rise
I emphasize that I still hate the devil (That's right!)
And I'm a mothaf**ka that'll take your a** to the next level
Straight guerrilla in the mist to the end
(Yeah, and put it in the mix again!)
Yeah, now better listen why

[Interlude]

Yeah! Right back at you once again in '94
P-Dog, righteous
Back up in you with another mothaf**kin' bomb
And we kickin' the real

[Verse 2]

So, anyway I'mma do it this time so you wanna hear
Specially designed for your mind and a soldier's ear
Cause n***as nowadays just shoot
And f**kin' with the crew will get your a** peeled like fruit
And everybody wanna be a Gee
The same sick house n***a mentality
Please, f**kin' with them fake fairytales
N***a, I don't trip cause I still kicks the realest sh*t
So please back on up, I'm lettin' off
Representin' Allah and I'm raw cause I'm God
So I hope you're listenin' what I'm kickin', it's real
(Yeah, I keep'em comin' with the sh*t you fear)
Yeah, you better check it why?
Yeah, fear no evil, fear no man...
Shouts goin' out to all those fake-a** wanna-be... gees

Just break it on down...

Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill, the hill
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again, again

[Verse 3]

So I'm still comin' on with this (Still comin' strong with sh*t)
Sh*t that'll make ya brain come up wake up
Regonize that it ain't nothin' but a thing
To see a n***a locked down, underground or in the sweep
And you ain't never gonna take me out cause I
(...roll up mothaf**kas and i'll break you down to side!)
Yeah, so keep your eyes on this, f**k what you heard
(And watch the devil get served!)

Yeah, so now you know
Scarface records, Paris
Still hittin' you with the righteous sh*t
The funky sh*t
In the name of Allah
And it ain't gonna never change
It don't stop
It don't never stop
So back your devil-a** sob off me
And let me get my field
Power, yeah!

Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill, the hill
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again, again (2x)

Yeah! Right back at you in 1994: P-Dog
Guerrillas in the mist with the black fist
And it ain't never gonna change!